

IN PARIS IN 1871

A Week Spent Among the Commune War Barricades.

INCIDENTS OF THE MASSACRE

Execution of a Woman in the Streets—Many Bloody Chambers in the Reign of Terror.

[By the Editor.]

To me the revolution of 1793 in France, with its terrible outbreaks of anger, ferocity, constitution-making, bloodshed, ravages about liberty, despotism of the democracy—the entire Reign of Terror—had always been the most fascinating chapter in all history. When, therefore, I happened to be in London in May, 1871, at the time when a fierce war existed between the National Government of France and the Commune, directly after the Franco-German War, when Paris was barricaded and was under the fire of the National guns, I had an intense desire to visit that city—if I could do so safely. It was believed in London that the National troops would not be able to enter the city for some weeks, and until they did, life in the city itself was in no danger excepting on the Versailles side of it, where the fighting was continuous.

On the 10th of May, 1871, W. C. Dreyer, of the firm of Bowles Brothers & Co., American bankers in Paris and London, told me that he should leave on the evening train for Paris, and in order to pass without arrest through the military lines which the Commune had established around Paris, had secured from the American Minister in London the office of bearer of dispatches to Minister Washburn in Paris. At his suggestion I called on the American Minister at once, and he made me also a bearer of dispatches to Mr. Washburn. We, the joint bearers, left by the evening train for Paris, via Calais, and reached the railway station in Paris early in the morning. The northern part of France was still occupied by sections of the German army in order to keep the peace and until the National Government had taken possession of the city.

A company of Communists, without uniforms, occupied the railway station, and the officer in command, after carefully examining our papers, permitted us to enter.

On entering a sacre we drove through the streets. The stores were closed. The quiet of a New England Sunday prevailed. As we approached a barricade constructed of carts and stones, we stopped, and the officer in command examined our papers. He read them with difficulty, and did not appear to understand them. Dreyer told him that we were Americans on our way with dispatches to the American Minister. He replied: "The American Minister is our friend. Go on, gentlemen." On reaching the Hotel Chatham, I engaged my room and found myself about the only guest in the house. Dwyer left with the dispatches and also left word at the rooms of Edward King that I had arrived. King was the correspondent of the Boston Journal, and had been a correspondent in the war in Bulgaria, and in the Franco-German war. He remained in Paris during the siege, and kept to his post during the Commune trouble. He spoke the French language with ease, and his large figure, blond face and taciturn manner enabled him to move among the Communist troops on duty. I had known him for some years. We strolled along the Boulevard des Italiens and settled down in the Cafe de la Paix for breakfast. Every store was closed. The streets were deserted. We alone occupied the large room of the cafe. But the street-sweepers were at work as usual, as if the Empire was at peace. The waiter brought to us coffee and remarked, "We are doing no business now." In a few moments a regiment of Communists, covered with mud and dirt, marched by. They had served in the front and were retiring for a rest. We then proceeded to military headquarters for a pass. King said: "I must give you a standing, a character; I will call you an American educator." He made a speech to the officer in charge, complimented the officers on their fidelity to duty, and got me a pass, under the signature of the commanding general. As we passed out into the street, King said: "Listen to the musketry fire in the trenches at Issy." Then we heard the report of cannon. We hired a hack, but the driver stipulated that we should not ask him to get under fire. At the Trocadero, from which there was an excellent view of the entrenchments, we saw the smoke and heard the reports of the muskets along a line of ten miles. Many thousand well-dressed Frenchmen with their wives stood near us, and without any excitement watched the distant contest. On reaching the Arc de Triomphe, the driver said "We shall be under fire in this place." So we left him protected behind a house and walked to the Arc. Soon a policeman said: "The firing from Mont Valerien will begin before long and they will send shells to this place. You must retire."

In the afternoon we visited the spot where the guillotine stood in '93, on the Place de la Concorde, and found a barricade. An officer without uniform examined our papers, but seemed to be unable to read them. King made another clever speech, and we climbed over the barricade. Then we visited the Corps Legislatif, which was converted into a workshop, in which 1,500 women were sewing sacks into which sand was to be placed for earthworks. A fine-looking, tall girl, with a red scarf about her waist, was the super-

intendent. During the evening we strolled around among the theaters. The Lyrique and the Opera Comique were filled. The Gaite, the Gymnase, the Theatre Francaise were also open and occupied by many people. Before some cafes men and women sat tranquilly on the sidewalk sipping coffee or sugar-water. There was no suggestion of disturbance.

The next day we visited the Hotel de Ville. A hundred cannon protected it. Climbing over the barricades, we finally reached the celebrated hall, which was lighted, when used, by 20,000 candles. The floor was covered with straw and troops were sleeping upon it. We reached the office of the Minister of Education. King introduced me as an "American educator." The Minister arose and made a speech about the new education of France. He said that he was laying new foundations for a grand system, and he raised his hands aloft as he became eloquent. The windows were open and I could hear the thunder of the guns on Mont Valerien. We then left the hotel. A few days afterwards this magnificent structure was burnt to the ground by order of the Commune. The Minister of Education was captured and shot within three weeks.

Several days had passed, and as we went to lunch we saw workmen at the base of the magnificent column with the statue of Napoleon crowning it, in the Place Vendome. We were told that an order had been given to destroy it. A crowd stood near by watching the sawing of the column, just above the pedestal. On the 19th of May it fell upon a vast bed of faggots and sand. [Note—Ten years afterwards, with King Kalakaua, I rode through Paris. As we passed through the Rue de la Paix the French gentleman who attended His Majesty pointed to the spot where the column had stood and said: "The column of Napoleon stood there. The miserable Commune destroyed it."

I replied: "I saw the workmen sawing it off." "But," he said, with surprise, "you come from the Sandwich Islands, the other side of the world. Do your people ever come to Paris?" For a week longer fresh troops went through the streets to the front or returned with their wounded for rest. Every day was crowded with strange incidents. One Madame le Clec, a bright Frenchwoman whom I had known in New York, called and asked if I would swear that she was a citizen of America. I signed a certificate of residence for her.

One evening we were at the American Embassy. It was said to us in a whisper, "The Versailles Army will attack all along the line within three days and blood will run in the streets." King, as a correspondent, could not leave. He said there would be without doubt an awful massacre, and if he was accidentally caught, he might be shot before he could identify himself.

I left for London and waited there. Within a week the attack was made; the National troops entered. The foolish Communists fired upon them from the windows and housetops. The troops beat down the doors of houses, dragged out the inmates and shot them. The Communists defended at every point. The Porte St. Martin, the St. Eustache Church, the Rue Royal, the Hotel de Ville, the Theatre Lyrique, the Palace of the Legion d'Honneur, the Palais de Justice were burned. No quarter was given by either side. The Communists tossed away their lives in frenzy, as if they were toys. As the National troops captured the barricade after another, the Communists, instead of surrendering, fought desperately. The women and children brought powder and ball and food. The National troops took no prisoners because none surrendered. They shot every one captured. After the city was in the hands of the National troops the executions began. The London Times' correspondent of May 30, 1871, said: "Yesterday about 1 o'clock General Gallifet (the present Minister of War) appeared at the head of a column of 6,000 prisoners. Upon their haggard countenances and in their downcast eyes there was no ray of hope to be seen. They dragged listlessly along toward Versailles as if it was not worth the trouble to walk there to be shot. General Gallifet halted them just beyond the Arc de Triomphe, selected eighty-two and had them shot."

I returned to Paris as soon as peace was restored. The marks of the shells and the bullets were everywhere. But the bloodstains had been removed and the city was tranquil. Twenty-five thousand men, women and children had been killed; thirteen thousand were condemned for life; seventy thousand women and children and old men were left without protectors or support. Edward King had secured a room and closed it during the street fights. From the roof of the house he could see the conflagration and hear the cannon and musketry. Several times he had ventured into the street. The moment the fight was over he ventured out and on every side saw the evidences of the struggle. The National troops were making arrests and executing their prisoners on the spot. He described to me the case of a pretty brunette, 16 years of age, a Communist, who had defied some soldiers. They took her a short distance, placed her against a stone wall and shot her. He then cast the event into poetry, in the evening, and the verses had wide circulation through the United States in Scribner's Magazine. They are as follows:

A WOMAN'S EXECUTION.
[Paris, May, 1871.]
Sweet-breathed and young—
The people's daughter;
No nerves unstrung—
Going to slaughter!

"Good morning, friends—
You'll love us better—
Make us amends—
We've burst your fetter!

"How the sun gleams!
(Women are snarling.)
Give me your beams,
Liberty's darling!
Marie's my name—
Christ's mother bore it!
That badge! No shame!
Glad that I wore it!

(Hail to her waist,
Lamb-like a Venus;
Hobbs are disarmed—
Soldiers, please screen us!

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—Adolph L. Millet, Manchester, N. H. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for H. I.

"He at the front?
That is my lover!
Stood all the front!
Now the fight is over!
"Powder and bread
Gave out together.
Droill! to be dead
In this bright weather.
"Jean, boy, we might
Have been married in June!
This the wall? Right!
Vive la Commune!"

One pathetic incident King had heard from one who was an eye-witness. All of the defenders of a barricade in Faubourg du Temple had been captured and shot by the National troops. A boy—a mere child—had helped to serve one of the guns; but he was taken and was about to be shot when he asked if he might be allowed three minutes' respite so that he could take to his mother a silver watch, because, he said he did not wish her "to lose everything." The officer consented, thinking that he would never appear again. But within the three minutes the little fellow appeared, shouted out "Here I am!" placed himself against the wall at the foot of which his dead comrades were lying, faced about, and in an instant fell dead with a bullet in his heart.

We walked to the spot where he fell. King said: "Who will sing the song of this little hero who kept his word like Casablanca?" With marvellous energy the citizens of Paris, outwardly at least, recovered themselves. The massacres of the Reign of Terror in 1793 had not been more brutal. The people had lived through the siege of the German army, and its disasters and sufferings had been followed by the civil war of the Commune; but the people resumed their industries at once. Their marvellous thrift and recuperative force struck out of the general chaos. Their habits of life instantly put the machinery of living in existence. The places of amusement were quickly opened and were soon filled. Trade began and the foreigners came in to spend their money. The people were poorer, but they well understood the art of close living. Once more Paris showed her vast capacity for recuperation. "W. N. A."

FROM HONOLULU.

Another Report on Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

If your poor back still aches, if you toss all night racked in pain, if you cannot bend over or straighten up, depend upon it, it's your kidneys. And kidney disorder rarely leaves of its own accord. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are a good kidney medicine. They cure kidney complaints. This is how they fulfilled it with a Honolulu citizen:

Mr. A. J. Cahill, of Fort street, this city, night watchman in the employ of Messrs. T. H. Davies & Co., Ltd., says: "Whilst a young man I was a sailor and at one time worked for the Inter Island service. I was, however, obliged to give up sea life on account of severe suffering from my back and kidneys. For this I had tried various remedies, but the one which restored me to health was Doan's Backache Kidney Pills—procured at Hollister's Drug Store. They relieved me completely after years of suffering. If any one desires further particulars he may apply to me. I am to be found at Van Dorn's Ship Chandlery, Fort street."

You should get the same medicine which helped Mr. Cahill. See that the full name DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS is on the wrapper and refuse any imitation.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are sold by all chemists and storekeepers at 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, or will be mailed on receipt of price by the Hollister Drug Co., Honolulu, wholesale agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

Recollection of Fernback.

More or less has been published here from time to time about the levitating of Fernback, a young purser who was with the Inter-Island Company for many months. Fernback managed to get away with \$500 which had been entrusted to him by some Chinese on another Island. The Inter-Island Company has now been sued for recovery of this \$500, the papers having been filed in the Circuit Court on Saturday. George A. Davis is attorney for the claimants. The question of whether or no defendant corporation is responsible for the dishonesty of its servant will without doubt be stubbornly contested. Fernback's fall from grace was a shock to many who had known him. He was a modest, quiet and unassuming young man as ever gained favor at a boarding-house.

Mr. Shaw to Travel.

Jonathan Shaw, tax assessor and collector, was a passenger for the Mainland by the Alameda leaving last night. He will be absent six weeks, spending a month of the time at various health resorts on the Coast. Friends of the citizen who has had such a severe illness rallied around him yesterday morning and insisted that he should make a trip. Mr. Shaw was inclined to rebel, arguing for a rest in Honolulu or on one of the other Islands but was finally convinced that the sail and the stay in California had many elements of the proper prescription for his case.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PAIN BALM CURES OTHERS WHY NOT YOU?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—Adolph L. Millet, Manchester, N. H. For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for H. I.

TORTURING DISFIGURING HUMOURS

ITCHING, BURNING, AND SCALY ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN AND SCALP, WITH LOSS OF HAIR.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in Eczema; the frightful scaling as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as in scalded head; the facial disfigurement, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants and the anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter, and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura remedies are such stands proven beyond all doubt. No statement is made regarding them that is not justified by the strongest evidence. The purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy, have made them the standard skin cures and humours remedies of the civilized world.

Those who have suffered long and hopelessly and who have lost faith in doctors and medicines may make trial of these great curatives with the most gratifying success. The treatment is simple, direct, agreeable, and economical, and is adapted to the youngest infant as well as adults of every age. *Bathe the affected parts with Hot Water and Cuticura Soap to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and lastly take the Cuticura Resolvent to cleanse the blood.* This sweet and wholesome treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep in the severest forms of eczema and other itching, burning, and scaly humours of the skin, scalp, and blood, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when all other remedies and even the best physicians fail. The SET, consisting of Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent, or each separately, may be had of all chemists and stores where medicines are sold throughout the world.

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General Insurance Co. for Sea, River and Land Transport of Dresden.

Having established an agency at Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands, the undersigned general agents are authorized to take risks against the dangers of the sea at the most reasonable rates and on the most favorable terms. F. A. SCHAEFER & CO., Agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

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The undersigned, general agents of the above two companies, for the Hawaiian Islands, are prepared to insure Buildings, Furniture, Merchandise and Produce, Machinery, etc.; also Sugar and Rice Mills, and Vessels in the harbor, against loss or damage by fire, on the most favorable terms.

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